

Kiss and Tell by look_turtles

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Summary:

Dacre and Joe practice Steve and Billy's kissing scene

Kiss and Tell

Dacre was laying on the couch in his trailer. The couch was too short and his feet hung off the edge. He was wearing a old, worn t-shirt and jeans that had a hole in the knee.

He had just finished filming the scene where Billy killed a shape shifter that looked like his dad and he needed some time to recoup, it was both mentally and physically exhausting. Billy hated his dad, but also loved him.

He thought he was lucky to play such a complex character. Apparently, Billy was the boy the fans loved to hate and he liked that too. They really loved his ass and he could see the appeal, he stared at Joe the first time Joe had shown up on set in those basketball shorts.

Maybe if he had a boyfriend or a girlfriend he wouldn't be so infatuated with Joe, but at the moment he had no one. He knew he was good looking and people hit on him, but he just wasn't into dating when he didn't know if the person liked him for him or because he was good looking.

He thought about grabbing a beer to distract himself from the loneliness, but then heard a knock at his door.

He opened the door and saw Joe standing in front of him holding a script.

'Hey, what's up?' Dacre asked.

Joe ran his fingers through his hair and Dacre had to stop himself from staring. As much as he teased Joe about his hair, Dacre just wanted to touch it... among other things he wanted to do to Joe.

'Um... have you read the script for episode six yet?'

'Nah. Why? Does Billy die?' Dacre asked half joking. He hoped Billy didn't die, but knowing the Duffer brothers that was always a possibility.

Joe walked into Dacer's trailer and handed him the script.

'Turn to page ten,' Joe said looking wide eyed.

Dacre turned to the page and his eyes went wide as he read the words on the page.

He looked up at Joe. 'Is this some kind of joke?'

'Nope. Do you want to practice the scene?'

'Yeah. Yeah.'

Dacre closed his eyes and put on Billy's personality like it was a worn coat. He opened his eyes and Billy stared at Steve with a grimace on his face.

'What the hell, Harrington?! You could've been killed!'

Steve clenched his jaw and poked Billy in the chest. 'I didn't die! Don't act like you care.'

Billy pushed Steve backward until Steve's back hit the trailer's wall.

'Damn it! I... I...'

Billy moved close and smashed his lips against Steve's, the kiss was hard and rough. Dacre felt Joe kiss him back and that defiantly was NOT in the script. He brought his hands up and ran his fingers through Joe's hair. It was surprisingly soft. Joe groaned into the kiss.

After several moments, Dacre broke the kiss and rested his chin on Joe's shoulder. Joe smelled like soap and shampoo. His Hawaiian shirt was soft against Dacre's skin.

'Wow!' Joe exclaimed.

Dacre wanted to say something smooth and suave like Billy, but instead all he could do was nod in agreement. He had stage kissed quite a few co-stars, but it had never been like this. He certainly had never gotten hard from a stage kiss before, he was a professional after all. And yet, here he was with a raging hard-on.

Speaking of hard-ons, Joe's was poking him in the thigh.

'Do you want to kiss more? Not as Steve and Billy, but as us,' Joe asked.

'Of course!'

Joe grinned. 'Great! Can we move to your couch?'

They moved to Dacre's couch and Joe peeled Dacre shirt off of him. Joe pushed Dacre playfully and Dacre bounced when his butt hit the couch cushion. Joe joined him on the couch and was practically sitting in Dacre's lap.

As they kissed, Dacre kneaded Joe's shoulders.

They tongues brushed and Dacre gripped Joe harder. Joe lightly rested his hands on Dacre's sides and his fingers slid over skin.

Joe broke the kiss and they both panted.

'Do you want... want to...' Joe stammered as he gestured to Dacre's bedroom.

'Sure.'

Joe stood up and held out his hand. It reminded Dacre of The Basketball scene in reverse.

As they made the short trip to the bedroom, they held hands. Joe's hand was soft and sweaty.

They walked into Dacre's bedroom and Joe began pulling off his shirt. He had seen Joe shirtless before, but this was different. There were no cameras and he wasn't Billy. Joe's skin was lightly tanned and his back muscles moved as he dropped his shirt to the floor.

He came behind Joe and kissed and licked Joe's bare shoulder. The skin was warm and salty with sweat.

Dacre sucked on Joe's shoulder and Joe groaned.

‘Oh yeah. Keeping doing that,’ Joe said. Dacre was more than happy to oblige.

He bit down on Joe’s shoulder and Joe moaned. He reached down and unbuttoned Joe’s pants. He slid Joe’s pants and underwear down, all the while kissing Joe’s shoulder and neck.

Reaching around, he took Joe’s hard cock in hand and began to stroke it.

‘Oh, fuck!’ Joe exclaimed as Dacre tightened his grip.

Dacre’s own hard-on was poking Joe in the thigh, but there would be time to take care of that later.

He stroked Joe faster and faster until Joe’s eyes snapped shut and he was coming all over Dacre’s hand.

‘We never made it to the bed,’ Joe said as he turned around and gently kissed Dacre.

‘Yeah. Yeah. We got time.’

‘Yeah. Hey. I was wondering... was this... was this a one time thing?’ Joe rubbed the back of his neck.

‘Only if you want it to be,’ Dacre said because while he wanted Joe in every way, he would let Joe decide.

Joe grinned. ‘Awesome! I want sex and lots of it!’

‘Nice.’

They were both on the same page and Dacre thought that was great. He just hoped that when they filmed the Billy and Steve kissing that he didn’t get another hard-on.

Later that week, they filmed The Kissing Scene and Dacre was happy to say that he didn’t get a hard-on; it might have had something to do with Joe giving him a hand job before the scene.

He now had another problem. He went to Joe’s trailer, careful to step

over the dirty clothes and crushed soda cans on the floor and walked up to Joe.

‘We need to talk,’ Dacre said as Joe’s eyes went wide.

‘Oh, God! You’re breaking up with me,’ Joe exclaimed.

‘What?! No! I just need you to stop giving me so many hickeys, the make-up people are having a hard covering them.’

‘Oh, gotcha.’

Something suddenly occurred to Dacre. ‘You thought we were breaking up? Does that mean we are dating?’ They had sex in many different places, but dating was different from sex.

Joe’s cheeks turned pink. ‘Aren’t we?’

Dacre grinned. ‘Of course!’ He couldn’t wait to take Joe out.

Later that night, Dacre stood in front of his mirror. The top two buttons of his shirt were unbuttoned and his hair was just the way he liked it. He was taking Joe out and he wanted to look his best.

He walked out of his trailer and met Joe by his car. Joe was wearing one of his loud shirts, but Dacre couldn’t help but notice that Joe was also wearing tight jeans.

They embraced and Joe’s lips brushed Dacre’s cheek.

‘You ready?’ Joe asked.

‘Yep.’

As Joe turned around and made his way to the driver’s side of the car, Dacre couldn’t help but stare and Joe’s ass, those jeans left nothing to the imagination.

They both got into the car and Dacre grinned as Joe rested his hand on Dacre knee.

They arrived at the restaurant and walked inside together. The maître

d led them to a table covered with a white table cloth and a candle sitting on top of a wine bottle sat in the centre of the table. It was more romantic than Dacre had planned, but he decided to roll with it.

‘Wow! This is really nice! I should have dressed up,’ Joe exclaimed as he sat down.

‘Nah. I like your jeans, they really show off your ass.’

Joe dipped his head and blushed.

Dacre just grinned as the waiter came over and took their orders.

They chatted while waiting for food and Dacre laughed as Joe told stories about the pranks the kids played. He had been on-line and saw that Joe was referred to as Aunt Joe and he thought that fitted well. When their food came, Dacre had an idea. He took out his phone and turned the camera around to himself.

‘Hey, everybody. Dacre here just hanging with my buddy.’

He moved his phone and caught Joe with his face full of pasta. Joe gave two thumbs up.

Satisfied, Dacre put his phone away.

‘Do you mind if I post this to Instagram?’

‘Yeah. If it was anything like the time I pretended to kiss Charlie the fans go nuts.’

‘You pretended to kiss Charlie?’

‘Yeah. It was fun. Speaking of kissing, the fans are going to go even more nuts when Billy and Steve kiss. They already write a lot of fanfic about those two.’

‘So I’ve heard.’

They talked some more and ate some mouth watering food.

Later that night, they drove back to the Strangers Things set and they walked to Joe's trailer. Dacre held Joe's hand as they walked and Joe blushed.

Once in front of Joe's trailer, Dacre kissed him. It was a deep kiss (he channeled his inner Billy) that Joe melted into.

Dacre broke the kiss and grinned. 'So, which one of us kisses better, me or Charlie?'

Joe smiled back at him. 'You. Defiantly you.'

'Damn right.'

'You wanna come in?'

'Sure.'

Dacre followed Joe into his trailer and continued to kiss. Joe lips were soft and eager. Their tongues brushed Dacre felt himself harden.

Joe broke the kiss and looked nervous. 'Can I... can I... suck you off?'

Dacre's brain shut down so all he could do was nod.

Joe reached down and popped the button on Dacre's jeans. He slid the jeans down Dacre's thighs and Dacre was glad he wasn't wearing underwear. He hissed as cool air hit his hard cock.

Joe's eyes went wide. 'Wow! You're big.'

'Is that going to be a problem?' Dacre asked because some guys didn't like big cocks.

'Nah. Let's get this party started.'

Joe dropped to his knees and licked the tip of Dacre's cock.

Dacre groaned as Joe's lips wrapped around the cock head and Joe sucked.

'Oh, fuck! Yes!' Dacre exclaimed as Joe took some of the cock shaft into his mouth and Dacre's cock was surrounded by warm wetness.

Again and again, Joe moved his head back and forth, taking more and more of the shaft into his mouth.

Dacre couldn't do much but stand there and try not to thrust into Joe mouth.

Dacre felt his orgasm build and he tried to warn Joe, but all that came out were a few grunts.

Joe must have gotten the message because he sucked hard on Dacre's cock.

Dacre's eyes snapped shut and he came equally as hard.

When Dacre opened his eyes, he saw Joe whipping his mouth with the back of his hand and Dacre thought that he might be able to come just from seeing that.

'Are you still hard? I'd love to return the favour.'

'Yeah. I'm really close though.'

Dacre just grinned as he carefully unbuttoned Joe's jeans and slid them down.

Dacre went to his knees.

Joe's red boxers had a wet spot of the front. He lowered Joe's boxers and took in the hard cock in front of him. The tip was a deep red and it was shorter and thicker than Dacre's own. His balls were covered with dark hair.

He wrapped his lips around the head and swirled his tongue around it.

Joe groaned.

Joe must have been really close because Dacre had barely sucked on the head before his mouth was filled with salty come.

Dacre stood up and grinned. 'Did you enjoy yourself?' Dacre said jokingly.

‘Yeah. To wanna stay the night?’

‘Sure. Lead the way.’

Joe pulled up his pants and Dacre kicked his off. They walked to Joe’s bedroom and stripped out of their clothes. Dacre pushed Joe on to the bed and laid himself on top of Joe.

They playfully wrestled until Joe was on top of Dacre and he used Dacre’s chest as a pillow. Dacre ran his fingers through Joe’s hair and it was soft.

Dacre had an important question to ask. ‘What do you like about me?’

Joe nuzzled Dacre’s skin. ‘I like how you really get into Billy’s head and how much fun you are.’

‘Really?’

‘Yep.’

Joe was such a warm heavy weight on top of Dacre that Dacre fell asleep.

He had finally found someone who liked him for more than just his body and to think it all started with Steve and Billy kissing